

R. Piquet de Moline
(J.B.)

DOCTOR LAST

I N

HIS CHARIOT:

A

COMEDY:

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at GARRICK'S HEAD,
in CATHARINE-STREET, STRAND.
MDCCLXIX.



T O

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

S I R,

THO', had this comedy failed, which, from it's first night's reception, was somewhat more than probable, I should certainly have suffered the whole disgrace, it is not with less readiness, that I seize this opportunity, on its better success, to acknowledge the obligations which the editor of DOCTOR LAST IN HIS CHARIOT has to Mr. FOOTE.

I am indebted to you for undertaking a very long part; which, in your circumstances, I consider as a particular favour: I am indebted to you, for exerting unusual spirit in the performance, when there was little hopes of putting the audience in a good humour; and more, (don't be ashamed when I boast of it) I am indebted to you, not only for a whole scene, the consultation of physicians in the first act, but for several hints throughout the piece, which had the happiest effect, tho' some of them may, perhaps, have suffered by being cloathed in my language.

I am more particularly acknowledging upon this occasion, because, in the repeated remarks which the news-papers have

thought proper to make on your address to the public, the first night this thing was acted, they would insinuate, that you used the advantage your situation gave you, of a personal application to the audience, in order to throw contempt upon the piece while that and it's author were immediately under your protection.

However, Sir, while I return you those thanks which, justice and gratitude oblige me to; I am extremely doubtful whether the public will consider the favours I confess, as any capital exertion of benevolence on your part; for they will naturally say, that, as to your acting, the play could not possibly have done without it, which, after you had received it, must have been to your loss; and, for giving me your wit and humour, all the world is sensible, that there is scarcely a man living who has so much to spare. I am,

S I R,

Your most obliged

humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE following piece is a translation of *Le MALADE IMAGINAIRE*, one of *MOLIERE*'s most celebrated productions in the farcical kind. Some scenes which could not possibly succeed upon the English stage, have been removed, and those substituted, in which the character of *DOCTOR LAST* is introduced; and, for that character only, the editor has to answer; nothing else in the subsequent scenes, being intirely his.

How it has hitherto appeared upon the stage, or how it may appear hereafter, is at present of little consequence. It is submitted to the candour of intelligent readers, who will consider a farce as such, and decide upon it's merit accordingly. To add more is needless, except thanks to the performers, particularly to *Mr. Sowdon*, for his kindness to the editor, when he stood in great need of assistance; and to that admirable comedian, *Mr. Weston*, by whose excellent performance, *Dr. Last* is still render'd a laughable object.

P R O.

PROLOGUE,

Written by D. GARRICK, Esq. and spoken by
Mr. FOOTE.

YOUR servants, kind masters, from bottom to top.
Be assur'd, while I breath, or can walk—I mean
hop,
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to grumble,
Be whatever you please, I am still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan—
Fair ladies, don't frown, I meant woman too—
What's common to man, must be common to you.—
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude, to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favour again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot, to his chariot has mounted.
Amongst the old Britons, when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could slay one;
So, when doctors on wheels with dispatches are sent,
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
But think not to physic that quack'ry's confin'd,
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are mankind—
There's trade, law, and state-quacks; nay, would we
but search,
We should find—Heaven bless us!—some quacks in
the church!
The stiff band, and stiff bob of the methodist race,
Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace,
And their poor wretched patients think much good is
done 'em,
Tho' blisters and causticks are ever upon them.
As for law and the state, if quack'ry's a curse,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make
worse,

We

P R O L O G U E.

We should point out the quack, from the regular
brother,

They are wiser than I who can tell one from t'other !
Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patents, stand
trial,

Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre Royal ?

Some dramatical drugs that are puff'd on the town,
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will *go down*.

Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry delight,
And sweat down an author some pounds in one night.

To return to our quack—should he, help'd by the
weather,

Raise laughter and kind perspiration together,
Should his nostrums of hips and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well will deserve, I assure ye.

'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,

And easier still is that chariot laid down.

He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot tip over :

Fix him well, I beseech you, the worst on't would be,
Should you overturn *him*, you may *over*set *me*.



Dramatin

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Ailwou'd,	-	-	- Mr. Foote.
Dr. Last,	-	-	- Mr. Weston.
Friendly,	-	-	- Mr. Sowdon.
Hargrave,	-	-	- Mr. Davis.
Wag,	-	-	- Mr. Bannister.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Ailwou'd,	-	-	- Mrs. Jefferies.
Nancy,	-	-	- Miss Ogilvie.
Polly,	-	-	- Miss Rose.
Prudence,	-	-	- Mrs. Gardiner.

Physicians, &c.

SCENE, AILWOU'D'S *House*, in LONDON.



DR. LAST

I N

HIS CHARIOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour in AILWOU'D'S House, with a Table and Chairs. PRUDENCE enters followed by WAG.

Wag. WELL, but, Mrs. Prudence, don't be in a passion.

Pru. Mr. Wag, I will be in a passion; and it's enough to put any one in a passion to have to do with such indiscreet people as your master. I believe he's out of his senses for my part.

Wag. He's in love, Mrs. Prudence, and that's half way.

Pru. So often as he has been forbid either to come or send after my mistress, to persist, in spite of all our cautions and interdictions——

Wag. He does not come or send, child.

Pru. No—what do you do here then, and be hang'd to you?

Wag. I only bring a letter.

Pru. Very pretty jesting, truly. I was afraid that some of the family wou'd take notice of my
B talking

talking to you in the hall—But, in truth, here is no place of safety in the house; for now I've brought you up here, I'm afraid every moment of my master's surprizing us.

Wag. Does the old gentleman always keep the house then?

Pru. Keep the house!—he generally keeps his chamber, and very often his bed. You must know he's one of those folks that are always sick, continually complaining, ever taking physic, and, in reality, never ailing any thing. I'm his nurse, with a plague to him, and he worries me out of my life.

Wag. Wou'd I were sick upon the same conditions.

Pru. Come, come, no fooling.—You said you had a letter from your master to my young lady: give it me, and I'll deliver it to her.

Wag. There it is, my dear.

Pru. But am not I a very naughty wench to be accessary, in this manner, to a clandestine correspondence?

Wag. The billet is perfectly innocent, I can assure you; and such as your lady will read with pleasure.

Pru. Well, now go away.

Wag. I won't, without you give me a kiss.

Pru. Poh, you're a fool.

Wag. I won't, poz——

Pru. Then you may stay there all night.

Wag. Mrs. Prue—come.

Pru. Nay, if it's worth having, it's worth fetching.

Wag. Say you so, my girl—Thus, then, I approach those charming lips. [*Draws near her with ridiculous ceremony. A bell rings violently.*]

Pru. Confusion! away, away, away, begone, as quick as you can, or we're both ruin'd.

Wag. Ay! how! what the devil's the matter?

Pru. My master's bell, my master's bell. He rings again! down the back stairs, and let yourself out at the street door. I can't stay to talk to you any longer now—adieu.

Wag. [*As he's going off.*] Hey, what a ringing's here! one wou'd think the house was on fire.

S C E N E II.

AILWOU'D, who comes thro' the Back Scene in a Night-Gown and Flannel Cap, his Crutch in one Hand, and a small Bell in the other.

Ail. O lord, O lord, here's usage for a poor helpless sick man! There's nobody in the house sure; there can be nobody; they've all deserted me, and left me alone to expire without assistance. I made shift to muster up sufficient strength to crawl thus far; and now, I can die here. [*Drops into the arm chair with a piteous groan; then, after a short pause, starting and staring*] Mercy on me, what's the matter with me! I'm suddenly seiz'd with a shivering fit!—And now I burn like a red-hot coal of fire!—And now again—shiver, shiver, shiver, as if my blood was turn'd into snow water!—Prudence, Nancy, Mrs. Ailwood, love, wife! they're all deaf! and my bell is not loud enough neither. Prudence,

I say.

B 2

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

AILWOOD, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Here, Sir, here: what's the matter?

Ail. Ah, you jade, you slut.

Pru. [*Pretending to have hurt her head.*] The deuce take your impatience; you hurry people so, you have made me break my head against the window-shutter.

Ail. You baggage, you—'tis above an hour—

Pru. [*Crying.*] Dear me, how it smarts!

Ail. Above an hour that I have been wanting somebody.

Pru. Oh! oh!

Ail. Hold your tongue, huffey, till I scold you.

Pru. Very pretty, in troth, after the blow I have got.

Ail. You have left me to bawl and call till I'm hoarse again.

Pru. And you have made me get a great bump on my forehead; so put one against t'other and we're quit.

Ail. How, Mrs. Impudence!

Pru. If you scold, I'll cry.

Ail. To desert me in such a manner!

Pru. [*Crying.*] Oh! oh! oh!

Ail. Are you at it again?—Why, you pert, brazen, audacious, provoking, abominable, insolent—Shan't I be allowed to have the pleasure of finding fault with you?

Pru. You may have that pleasure, if you will; and it's as fair that I shou'd have the pleasure of crying, if I like it.

Ail.

Ail. Well, well, have done.—Take away these things, and get me my medicine. It's three hours and two minutes since I took it; and don't you know the prescription says every three hours? I feel the bad effects of my omission already.

Pru. Lord, Sir, why will you drench yourself with such nasty slops? One wou'd think the physicians and apothecaries cou'd find sufficient stuff for your craving bowels; but you must go to the quacks too; and this Doctor Last, with his universal balsamic restorative cordial, that turns water into asses milk.

Ail. That's a good girl, go on.

Pru. Methinks if one was to take physick, one wou'd rather chuse to go to a regular physician than to a quack.

Ail. And why so, my dainty adviser?

Pru. For the same reason that, if I wanted a pair of shoes, I wou'd rather go to an established shoemaker, than lay out my money at a Yorkshire warehouse.

Ail. If I hear any more of your impudence, I'll break your head to some purpose, it shan't be a bump in the forehead will serve you.

Pru. Eh, you old fanciful, foolish——

Ail. Go and call my daughter Nancy to me, I have something to say to her.

Pru. She's here, Sir.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE, NANCY.

Ail. Come here, Nancy; I want to speak with you.

Nan. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ail. Stay; before I say or do any thing further, I'll go into the next room and take my medicine—I shou'd be a great fool to forget that.

Pru. Ay, Sir, so you wou'd.

Ail. I should, indeed, for it does me a prodigious deal of good; though I must take a little cooling phylick too, in order to correct the juices.

S C E N E V.

NANCY, PRUDENCE.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Madam.

Nan. Look on me a little,

Pru. Well, I do look on you.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Well, what wou'd you have with Prudence?

Nan. Can't you guess?

Pru. Some discourse, I suppose, about our new acquaintance, Mr. Hargrave; for you have done nothing but talk of him for this week past.

Nan. And can you blame me for the good opinion I have of him?

Pru. Who says I do?

Nan. Or would you have me insensible to the tender protestations which he makes me?

Pru.

Pru. Heav'n forbid.

Nan. Pr'ythee tell me now, Prudence, don't you really think there was something of destiny in the odd adventure that brought us acquainted?

Pru. Certainly.

Nan. Was there not something uncommonly brave and gentleman-like in that action of rescuing me without knowing any thing of me?

Pru. Very genteel and gentleman-like, indeed.

Nan. And was it possible for any one to make a more generous use of it?

Pru. Impossible.

Nan. Then, Prue, he has a most charming person.—Don't you think so?

Pru. Who can think otherwise?

Nan. Something very noble in his air?

Pru. Very noble.

Nan. Then he talks like an angel.

Pru. Ay, and writes like an angel too, I dare swear, ma'am; as this letter will shew.

Nan. From Mr. Hargrave! You wicked girl, why wou'd you keep it from me so long?

[Snatches it from her and reads it to herself.]

Pru. Well, ma'am, what does the gentleman say?

Nan. Every thing, dear Prue; every thing in the world that I cou'd wish or desire. He says he can't live happy without me, and that he will, by the means of a common friend, immediately make a formal proposal for me to my father.

Pru. But do you think, ma'am, that your father will listen?

Nan. He can have no objection, Prudence.

Pru. No, ma'am. But your mother-in-law may, who governs him, and, I'm sure, bears you

you no good will. The best joke is, she thinks she has wheedled me into her interests——

Nan. Hush! here's my father.

S C E N E VI.

PRUDENCE, NANCY, AILWOU'D.

Ail. Nancy child, I have a piece of news to tell you, that, perhaps, you little expect. Here's a match propos'd to me for you. You smile at that! Ah, nature, nature! By what I perceive then, I need not ask you if you are willing?

Nan. I am ready to submit to your commands in every thing, Sir.—Dear Prue, this is beyond my hopes.

Pru. Mr. Hargrave has kept his word, madam.

Ail. What are you whispering about?

Nan. Nothing, Sir,

Ail. Well, child, at any rate I am glad to find you in so complying a disposition: for, to tell you the truth, I was resolved on the thing before I mentioned it to you, and had even given my word to put it as expeditiously as possible into execution.

Pru. I am sure you are very much in the right of it, Sir; it's the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

Ail. I have not seen the gentleman yet, but I am told he will be every way to the satisfaction of us both.

Nan. That, Sir, I am certain of, for I have seen him already.

Ail.

Ail. Have you?

Nan. Since your consent, Sir, encourages me to discover my inclinations, you must know that good fortune has lately brought us acquainted; and, that the proposal which has been made to you is the effect of that esteem which, at the first interview, we conceived for one another.

Ail. That's more than I knew, but no matter; the smoother things go on the better I am pleased.—He is but a little man I am told.

Nan. He's well made, Sir.

Ail. Agreeable in his person?

Nan. Very agreeable.

Ail. In his address?

Nan. Perfectly elegant.

Ail. Really that's much—Very much upon my word, that a man of low birth, and bred up to a mean profession—for, tho' the doctor has now fifteen thousand pounds in the funds, and gets eight or nine hundred a year, he owes all to his medicinal secrets.

Nan. Sir!

Ail. At least so Mr. Trash, the bookseller that vends his medicines, tells me; thro' whose mediation, indeed, this proposal is made.

Nan. Mr. Trash! Has Mr. Hargrave any thing to do then—

Ail. Hargrave! who the devil's he? I am talking of the person you are to marry, Dr. Last, whose cordial has done me so much service. It seems he is a widower, and has a mind to get a second wife that may do him some credit; such as his worldly circumstances intitle him to.

Nan. Well, but my dear Sir—

Ail. Yes, child, I know it's very well—The doctor is to be brought here to-day to be introduced

troduced to me, and I am really concern'd that I appointed Dr. Coffin, Dr. Skeleton, and Dr. Bulruddery, to hold a consultation upon my case this morning; for I have found so much benefit from Dr. Last's medicine, that I think he will be the properest person to find out what's the matter with me.

Nan. Well but, Sir, give me leave to tell you that Dr. Last was very far from my thoughts when we began this conversation. In short, papa, all this while you have been talking of one person and I of another.

Pru. Poh, poh, madam, make yourself easy, my master can have no such ridiculous design, as he has been mentioning to you——Marry a young lady of family and fortune to a scoundrel quack!

Ail. And what business have you to be meddling, impudence?

Pru. No business at all, Sir—But, if you are really serious in your design about this marriage, give me leave to ask you, what can have put it into your head?

Ail. You have nothing to do with that——I have told the girl the party I propose for her is rich; but, if you must know what most inclin'd, and, indeed, determin'd me, as it were, to accept of Dr. Last for a son-in-law, is the number of invaluable secrets he possesses; and this alliance will intitle me to take his medicines gratis, as my various infirmities may require—a thing that we ought all to consider, my last year's apothecary's bill amounting to two hundred and nineteen pounds, four shillings and eleven pence.

Pru.

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Pru. A very pretty reason for marrying your daughter to a quack indeed!—But, after all, Sir, tell me, upon your honour, now, does any thing ail you?

Ail. Eh! how! any thing ail me!

Pru. Ay Sir, are you sick in earnest; and, if so, what's the matter with you?

Ail. It's my misfortune not to know—wou'd to Heav'n I did. But, to cut short all these impertinences, look you, daughter, I lay my commands upon you to prepare yourself to receive the husband I propose for you.

Pru. And I, madam, on my part, command you to have nothing to do with him. [*going off.*]

Ail. Why, you impudent slut, shall a chambermaid take the liberty—

Pru. She shan't marry the quack.

Ail. Shan't she! we'll see that, if I get near enough to lay my cane across your shoulders.

[*Rising in a fury.*]

Nan. Dear Sir—

Pru. Oh, don't hinder him, madam; give him leave to come; he's welcome to do his worst.

Ail. If I lay hold of you— [*Following her.*]

Pru. I say I won't let you do a foolish thing if I can help it. [*Getting behind a chair.*]

Ail. Come hither, come hither, [*still following her.*] Nancy, stop her there, don't let her pass.

Pru. I believe no father but yourself ever thought of such a thing.

Ail. Help me to catch her, daughter, or I'll never give you my blessing.

Pru. Never mind him, madam.

Ail. An audacious, impudent, insolent—

Pru. Ay, ay, you may abuse me if you please; but I won't give my consent to the match for all that.

Ail. Cockatrice, jade, slut. [*Chasing her round the stage.*] Oh, oh, I can support no longer, she has kill'd, she has murder'd me. Falls into his chair.

Pru. Your humble servant, sweet Sir—Come away, madam.

Ail. Love! Wife! Mrs. Ailwou'd!

S C E N E VII.

AILWOU'D, Mrs. AILWOU'D.

Mrs. Ail. How now!

Ail. Oh, lamb, lamb, come hither if you love me.

Mrs. Ail. What's the matter with my poor dear?

Ail. Help me, sweetest.

Mrs. Ail. I will help thee; what's the matter?

Ail. Lamb!

Mrs. Ail. Well, my heart?

Ail. They have been teasing and fretting me here out of the small portion of life and spirit I have left.

Mrs. Ail. No, sweet, I hope not. Who has anger'd thee?

Ail. That jade Prudence—She is grown more faucy and impudent than ever.

Mrs. Ail. Don't put yourself in a passion with her, my soul.

Ail. I don't believe I shall ever recover it.

Mrs. Ail. Yes, yes, compose yourself.

Ail.

H I S C H A R I O T. 13

Ail. She has been contradicting me—

Mrs. Ail. Don't mind her.

Ail. And has had the impudence to tell me I'm not sick, when you know, my lamb, how it is with me.

Mrs. Ail. I know, my heart, very well, you are feeble and weak—Heav'n help thee!

Ail. That jade will bring me to my grave. She is the cause of half the phlegm I breed; and I have desir'd, a hundred and a hundred times, that you wou'd turn her off.

Mrs. Ail. My child, there are no servants but have their faults, and we must endure their bad qualities, that we may have the use of their good ones. However, I will give Mrs. Prudence a lecture for her impertinence, I assure you—Who's there? Prue, Prudence, I say.

S C E N E VIII.

AILWOU'D, Mrs. AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Did you call me, madam? [*very demurely*].

Mrs. Ail. Come hither, mistress—What is the meaning that you fret and thwart your master, and put him into passions?

Pru. Who, I, madam! Bless my soul, I don't know what you mean: I'm sure, my study, morning, noon and night, is how to please and obey him.

Ail. Don't believe her, my dear; she's a liar; she neither pleases nor obeys me, and has behaved in the most insolent manner.

Mrs. Ail.

Mrs. Ail. Well, my soul, I'm sure what you say is right; but compose yourself.—Look you, Prudence, if ever you provoke your master again, I'll turn you out of doors.—Here give me his pillows, and help me to settle him in his chair—He sits I know not how—Pull your night-cap over your ears, my dear. There's nothing gives people cold so much as letting wind in at their ears.

Ail. Ah, my love, I shall never be able to repay all the care you take of me.

Mrs. Ail. Raise yourself a little, that I may put this under you—this behind your back—and this to lean your head upon.

Pru. And this to comfort your brains.

[Claps a pillow rudely on his head.]

Ail. You cursed jade, do you want to stifle me?

[Gets up in a passion, throws the pillows at her, and drives her out.]

S C E N E IX.

AILWOU'D, *Mrs.* AILWOU'D.

Mrs. Ail. Hold, hold, what did she do to you?

Ail. Do to me! the serpent.—She'll be the death of me if you continue to keep her in the house.

Mrs. Ail. Well but, jewel, you are too apt to flurry yourself.

Ail. My sweet, you are the only comfort I have; and, in order to requite your tenderness, in the best manner I am able, I have resolv'd, as I have told you, to make my will.

Mrs. Ail.

Mrs. Ail. Ah, don't talk to me in that manner, don't, Mr. Ailwou'd, I beseech you, unless you have a mind to break my heart.

Ail. Alas, my love, we are all mortal; but don't cry, Biddy, for you'll make me weep too.

Mrs. Ail. Oh! oh! oh!

Ail. Nay, dearest——

Mrs. Ail. You said something of your will, did'n't you?

Ail. I desir'd you wou'd speak to your attorney about it.

Mrs. Ail. Yes; but I cannot speak to him about any such thing; it wou'd cut me to the heart.

Ail. It must be done, Biddy.

Mrs. Ail. No, no, no.—However, I have desired him to come hither to-day, and you may speak to him about it yourself.

Ail. I wou'd fain be inform'd in what manner I may cut off my children, and leave all to you.

Mrs. Ail. Alas, my dear, if you shou'd be taken away, I'll stay no longer in the world.

Ail. My only concern, when I die, will be that I never had a child by you; and Dr. Bulruddery, the Irish physician, promis'd me I should have twins.

Mrs. Ail. But do you think, my dear, that you will be able to cut off your two daughters and leave me all?

Ail. If not my landed estate, at any rate I can leave you my ready money; and, by way of precaution, I will make over to you immediately, four thousand pounds which I have in the three per cents, and bonds for near the same sum, which I lent to Sir Timothy Whisky.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ail. I will have nothing to do with them indeed, Mr. Ailwou'd; you shan't put them into my hands I assure you; all the riches in the world will be nothing to me if I lose you.—How much do you say you have in the three per cents?

Ail. Four thousand pounds, my love.

Mrs. Ail. To talk to me of money when I am depriv'd of the only person with whom I cou'd enjoy it!—And how much more in bonds?

Ail. About the same sum, sweet—but don't take on so Biddy, pray now don't, you'll throw yourself into some illness; and to have us both sick—

S C E N E X.

AILWOU'D, MRS. AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Sir, there are the three doctors below, in the parlour, that were to call upon you this morning.

Ail. Ay, they are come to consult upon my case. I'm sorry I spoke to them, but it's too late now.

Pru. And there's another gentleman at the door, in a chariot, with Mr. Trash, the book-feller, who desir'd me to tell you he had brought Doctor Last.

Ail. I hope the gentlemen in the parlour did not see him.

Pru. No, Sir, no.

Ail. Very well, then shew the physician's up.—Do you, my love, go and entertain Dr. Last till I can come to you. — I will dispatch these as soon as I can, but one must keep up the forms of civility.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

AILWOU'D, Dr. COFFIN, Dr. SKELETON, Dr.
BULRUDDERY.

Coff. Mr. Ailwou'd, your servant. I have obey'd your commands, you see; and am come, with my brothers Skeleton and Bulruddery, to have a consultation upon your case.—How do you find yourself this morning?

Ail. Pray, gentlemen, be seated.—Why, really, doctor, I find myself but very indifferent.

Skel. How do you sleep, Sir?

Ail. Very indifferently, doctor; chiefly broken slumbers.

Bulrud. And pray, how is your appetite?

Ail. Indifferent, very indifferent, indeed. I made shift to get down a couple of dishes of chocolate this morning in bed; about two hours after I had some tea and toast with my wife; just now I swallow'd, with much difficulty, a basin of soup; and I believe I shall hardly take any thing more till dinner.

Skel. But, Mr. Ailwou'd, what are your chief complaints?

Ail. Really, doctor, I am afraid my disorder is a complication. Sometimes I think it is the gout, sometimes the rheumatism, sometimes the dropsy, and sometimes I feel myself in a high fever: however, gentlemen, Doctor Coffin here has been long my good friend and physician, and, by the help of the intelligence he can give you about my constitution, your art and experience may perhaps enable you to find out what's

D

the

the matter with me ; so I leave you to your consultation. Gentlemen your servant. [*Ailwou'd feeing the doctors as he goes out, drops a guinea.*]
Stay, doctor, I'll take it up for you.

Skel. Sir, I thank you ;—but, I think, there was another dropt ?

Ail. No, there was'nt—

Skel. Why,—I have but two.

Ail. But two!—Oh! hoh! (*gives him another.*)

S C E N E XII.

Dr. COFFIN, Dr. SKELETON, Dr. BULRUDDERY, sitting down with great ceremony ; then, after a short silence,

Skel. Brother Coffin, shall I trouble you for a pinch of your—(*taking snuff*) Havannah, I see.

Coff. Brought me from thence by a captain, who assisted in taking the place.

Skel. (*Sneezes*) Devilish strong.

Bulrud. I have often, Dr. Skeleton, had it in my head to ask some of the faculty, what can be the reason that when a man happens to sneeze all the company bows ?

Skel. Sneezing, Dr. Bulruddery, was a mortal symptom that attended a pestilential disease, which formerly depopulated the republic of Athens ; ever since, when that convulsion occurs, a short ejaculation is offered up, that the sneezing or sternuting party, may not be afflicted with the same distemper.

Bulrud. Upon my conscience, a very learned account ! ay, and a very civil institution too. I can't help thinking, doctor, but the gentlemen

men of our profession must arrive much better in them there foreign parts, than at home: now, because why, one hears of plagues and pestilences, and such like kind of disorders that attack a whole nation at once. Now, here, you know, we are obliged to pick up patients one by one, just as a body can get them.

Coff. Ay, doctor; and, since the great increase of this town, the sick lie so scattered, that one pair of horses are scarce sufficient for a physician but in moderate practice.

Skel. True; why, there was yesterday, the first pulse I felt belonged to a lad with the measles, in Dean's-yard, Westminster: from thence I set out between seven and eight, my wig fresh powdered, and my horses in spirits; I turned at Charing-Cross for the New Buildings; then run through the Holbourn division, crossed the Fleet-market, and penetrated into the city as far as Whitechapel; then, made a short trip to the wife of a salesman, who had the gout in her stomach, at Wapping; from thence, returned through Cornhill, Temple-Bar, and the Strand, and finished my last prescription, between five and six, for a tradesman in Cockspur-street, who had burst a vein in hallooing at the Brentford election.

Bulrud. Upon my conscience, a long tour.

Skel. Long! Why, upon the most moderate calculation, I could not, before I sat down to my soup, have run up less than thirty pair of stairs; and my horses must have trotted, taking in cross-streets and turnings, at least, eighteen miles and three quarters.

Bulrud. Without doubt. But you was talking of Brentford.—Don't you look upon a con-

tested election as a good thing to the faculty, doctor?

Skel. If you mean to us of the college, Dr. Bulruddery, little or nothing: if, indeed, there should happen to be warm work at the hustings, the corporation of surgeons may pick up some practice, tho' I don't look upon any of these public transactions as of any great use to our body, in general. Lord-mayor's day, indeed, has its merit.

Coff. Yes; that turns to account.

Skel. Dr. Doseum and I, were making, t'other morning, at Batson's, a short calculation of what value that festival might be to the whole physical tribe.

Bulrud. Is it a secret to what you made it amount?

Skel. Why; what with colds caught on the water before dinner, repletion and indigestion at dinner, inebriety after dinner, (not to mention the ball in the evening) we made that day, and its consequences, for you know, there are fine foundations laid for future disorders, especially if it turns out an easterly wind.—

Bulrud. Does that make any great difference?

Skel. Infinite;—for when they come out of the hall, in a fine perspiration, from the heat of the room, and exercise, should the wind miss them in crossing Cateaton-street, its sure to lay hold of them in turning the corner into Cheap-side.—

Coff. Without doubt.

Skel. We estimated the whole profit to physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, chymists, druggists, and nurses, at eleven thousand six hundred seventy-three pounds fourteen shillings and three-pence three farthings.

SCENE XIII.

Dr. COFFIN, Dr. SKELETON, Dr. BULRUDDERY, and AILWOU'D.

Ail. Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this interruption; but you have been consulting upon my case, and I have some particular reasons for coming thus suddenly, to desire to know what opinion you have yet been able to form?

Coff. (To Skeleton.) Come, Sir.

Skel. No, Sir; pray do you speak.

Coff. Before my senior! pray excuse me.

Skel. (To Bulruddery.) Doctor—

Bulrud. The devil burn myself if I do.

Ail. Nay; pray, gentlemen, leave these ceremonies; and, if you have been able to form any opinion—instruct me.

Coff. Why, really Sir, to tell you the truth—Brother Skeleton.

Skel. We have not yet, with all the observations we have been able to make upon your case and complaints—I say, Sir,—and, after the most abstruse disquisitions, we have not as yet been able—to form any opinion at all.

Ail. Well, this is all I want to be acquainted with; because, if you have not been able to form any opinion, I have been happy enough to meet with a physician that has.—Pray, Sir, do me the favour to walk in here.

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

*Dr. COFFIN, Dr. SKELETON, Dr. BULRUDDERY,
AILWOU'D, Dr. LAST.*

Ail. This, gentlemen, is Dr. Last; and he assures me, that my disorder is a confirmed jaundice.

Doctors. A jaundice!—ha, ha, ha.

D. Last. What do you grin at?—I says, he has the janders, and I'll uphold it.—I'll lay you fifty pound he has the janders, and the gentleman shall hold the stakes himself.

Coff. Well, but, Mr. Ailwou'd, this is altogether ridiculous. Did you ever see a man of your colour with the jaundice?

Ail. Why, that's true; (*turning to Last*) every one tells me that I have a very florid complexion; now, the jaundice gives a yellow hue: will you be so good as to explain that?

D. Last. Well, so I can, but not for the doctors.—If I does it, its all intirely to oblige you.

Skel. We shall hear how the impudent rascal will bring himself off.

D. Last. There are two sorts of janders; the yallar, and the grey.

Bulrud. The black, I believe, you mean, honey.

D. Last. No, I don't.

Coff. But you must, Sir; there is no such thing as the grey jaundice.

Skel. Oh! gentlemen, the doctor means the iron-grey, and that's almost black, you know.

D. Last. They only does this to put me out now, because I'm no collegian.

Ail. Well, pray, doctor, go on with your explanation.

D. Last. Well, I says then; (*To Ailwou'd, who turns about for something*) I won't talk without you minds;—the yallar janders, I say, is,—the yallar janders is, as if so be—

Coff. Why, you were talking of the grey jaundice this moment.

D. Last. No I was'nt, I didn't say a word of the grey janders.—Did I, Mr. Ailwood?—It's the yallar janders.—I knows well enough what I'm about, if you'll let me alone.

Coff. Well, what of the yallar janders?

D. Last. Why, I won't tell you.—I won't say a word more now; if you thinks to profit you're mistaken; you shan't learn nothing from me.

Coff. You're a bloody impudent fellow.

D. Last. I does my cures no purchase no pay; and which of you can say that?—(*turning to Ailwou'd.*) Many aone of them comes to ax my advice and assistance, when they don't know what to do themselves.

Coff. Come, come, friend, we know you.

D. Last. Well, and I knows you.—Pray, Dr. Coffin, did'n't you attend one Mrs. Greaves, a tallow-chandler's widow, that lodg'd at the pork shop in Fetter-lane; and didn't she send for me after you gave her over?

Coff. Yes; and she died in two days.

D. Last. Well,—so she did;—but that was no fault of mine, she shou'd have sent for me first. What cou'd I do for her, after you had kill'd the poor dear soul?

Coff.

Coff. But, Mr. Ailwou'd, we are come here to consult upon your case; and if you permit us, we are willing.

Ail. O! nothing I desire so much; and to assist you, I'll leave this gentleman; he may give you further reasons for what he advances.

Skel. What, Sir, do you think we'll consult with a quack?

Bulrud. Ay, do you think we'll be after consulting with a quack?

D. Last. I'm no quack.—I have been regularly submitted, and I'll persecute you for your words in Westminster-hall.

Coff. Mr. Ailwood, we are your humble servants.

Ail. Well, but, gentlemen, your fees; you'll return them, I hope.

Coff. Return our fees, Sir!—

Bulrud. Return our fees! Arrah, is the man mad?

Skel. Sir, it is a thing entirely out of the course of practice. We wish you a good morning.

S C E N E XV.

AILWOU'D, LAST.

Ail. Why then, gentlemen, your servant, and good morning to you. Let them go, I'm glad we have got rid of them at any rate.

D. Last. Here, you Coffin—

Ail. Pray let them alone now.

D. Last. I would send him a challenge, if I was not afraid of being committed.

Ail. A challenge! Why, did you ever fight?

D. Last. Yes; I had like to be killed two or three times, but I never was.

Ail.

Ail. It was very well for me, I'm sure.

D. Last. You must think they all hates me, because I out-does 'em in curing, and they are ostentatious in their own way, and won't be larn'd.

Ail. And so, doctor, you are really of opinion that I have a disposition to the jaundice?

D. Last. Yes, you have, and its one of the fix and twenty disorders specified in my advertisement; and I challenge all England to do the like, to cure six and twenty disorders with one medicine, without confinement, or hinderance of business, or knowledge of a bedfellow. You understand me, for that's in it too, if you have any remains lurking in your blood from bad treatment.

Ail. No, no; Heaven be thank'd, I never had any such thing in my life.

D. Last. So much the better for you; but if you had, I could soon set you to rights again.—Why, there was three affidavys in the paper as last Wednesday, acknowledging benefits receiv'd from me; one from a journeyman taylor, bed-rid with the rheumatifs; another, from a hackney-coachman, that had been three times tap'd for the dropsey; and one from a child's mother that I cur'd of the dry gripes.

Ail. Well, doctor, if you will now come into the next room, I will introduce you to my daughter.

D. Last. What! In this trim? I would not for fifty guineas—besides, I'm going to see a gentlewoman that I've got in hand for an impostor;—but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll dress myself, and come to you in the evening.

Ail. Well, do so then, if it be more convenient to you ;—but stay, doctor, your paper of directions orders your medicine to be taken only every three hours ; now, as I have some spare time on my hands, suppose I was to take in the intervals, a mug or two of the Dog and Duck water, or Islington Spa, or Bagnigewells, by way of diluting.

D. Last. You mustn't take nothing by way of dissolution, but a few broth made with vermin's jelly.

Ail. Have you any objection then to my going to Chelsea, to be fumigated at Domincetti's ?

D. Last. Domini Devil's ! don't go near him. Is it to be sweated you wants ? If that be all, I can sweat you myself. Do you chuse to be sweated ?

Ail. Why, if I thought it wou'd do me any good.

D. Last. Well, I'll consider of it ;—but, remember, Mr. Ailwou'd, I have taken you in hand now, and if you go to be purged, or puked, or buy a sup of phylic from any one else ;—but, I suppose, you knows better what belongs to the charakter of a gentleman ?

End of the First Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Room in AILWOU'D's House. PRUDENCE enters followed by HARGRAVE.

Prud. COME, Sir, follow me, I'll venture to bring you in, since you've ventur'd to knock at the door.

Har. But tell me, my best girl, cannot you contrive to make me happy in the sight of your charming mistress?

Pru. No, Mr. Hargrave, I cannot, indeed; you have been told so a thousand times already: I sent you word so by your servant this morning, but you won't be satisfied; and, as if you had not been imprudent enough already, you are now come here in person, to put the finishing stroke to our ruin.

Har. No, my good Prue, I was aware of that, and am not come here in my own character, but as a friend of your young lady's Italian master, who has given me leave to say he has sent me in his place.

Pru. That's more forecast than I thought you capable of—But, why have you been so negligent; did not you tell my mistress, that you wou'd make a formal proposal to her father?

Har. True—Nor is it my fault that it has not been done; I spoke to Mr. Friendly, Mr. Ailwou'd's brother-in-law, who assur'd me he wou'd make it his business to come here this day for that purpose.

Pru. Ay; but this day is too late, it shou'd have been done yesterday: for now her father

is going to marry her to another person—A rascal quack—Tho', I think, if we cou'd set my master against him, which wou'd be no very hard matter—

Har. As how?

Pru. I don't know any method so sure, as by the help of another quack; for he falls in love with every new medicine he hears of.

Har. Say you so? Gad, I have a good comical fellow for my servant, and there is a thought come into my head—

Pru. Hush! here's my master; step into the next room a little, while I prepare him for your reception.

S C E N E II.

PRUDENCE and AILWOU'D.

Ail. Dr. Last directed me, during the operation of his medicine, to take ten or twelve turns about the room; but I forgot to ask him whether it wou'd be most efficacious, the long way, or the broad—I wish I had ask'd him that.

Pru. Sir, here is a—

Ail. Speak low hussy; you are enough to shock my brains—You don't consider, that it is not fit to bawl in the ears of sick people.

Hru. I was going to tell you, Sir—

Ail. Speak low, I say.

Pru. Sir. (*Speaks so low as not to be heard.*)

Ail. Eh!

Pru. I was going to tell you—(*very low.*)

Ail. What is it you say?

Pru. (*Very loud.*) I say, here's a man without wants to speak with you.

Ail.

Ail. Well, you devil, let him come in.

Pru. [*As loud as she can bawl.*] Come in, Sir.

Ail. Oh, my head, my head!

S C E N E III.

AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE, HARGRAVE.

Har. Mr. Ailwou'd—

Pru. Don't speak so loud, for fear of shocking my master's brains.

Har. I am very glad to find you out of bed, and to see that you grow better.

Pru. What do you mean by growing better?—it's false, my master's always very ill.

Har. I don't know how that may be—but I was told he was better; and I think he looks pretty well.

Pru. Poh, you're blind, he look's as bad as possible; and they are impertinent people, that say he mends: he grows worse and worse.

Ail. She's in the right of it.

Pru. He walks, eats, and drinks like other men; but, that's no reason why he shou'd not be in a bad state of health.

Ail. 'Tis very true.

Har. I can only say then, Sir, that I am extremely sorry for your indisposition; and hope you will soon get the better of it.

Ail. And, now compliments are past, Sir—Pray may I take the liberty to desire to know who you are?

Har. Sir, I come here on the part of Miss Ailwou'd's Italian master; who is gone for some time into the country, and sends me, being his intimate

intimate friend, to continue her lessons, left, by interrupting them, she shou'd forget what she has already learn'd.

Ail. Very well; call Nancy.

Pru. I believe, Sir, it will be better to take the gentleman into her chamber.

Ail. No, let her come here.

Pru. He can't give her her lesson so well, if he is not alone with her.

Ail. I warrant you.

Pru. Besides, it will only disturb you in the condition you are in, to have people talking in the room.

Ail. Leave that to me—Here is my daughter.—Rot you, get out of my sight, and let me know when Dr. Last comes.

S C E N E IV.

AILWOU'D, HARGRAVE, NANCY.

Ail. Nancy my dear, your Italian master is gone into the country, and has sent a gentleman to teach you in his room.

Nan. Oh, heaven's!—

Ail. What's the matter? Why this astonishment?

Nan. Because, papa—

Ail. Because, what?

Nan. Lord, Sir, the most surprizing thing happens here!

Ail. So it seems, indeed.

Nan. I dream't last night, papa, that I was in a crowd coming out of a play-house, where a rude fellow attempted to lay hold of me; when
I a gentle-

a gentleman, exactly like this, came to my assistance, and rescu'd me from the ruffian's hands; and I am so surpriz'd, papa, to see before me the very same person I fancy'd in my dream—

Ail. Did you ever hear such an idiot as it is?

Har. I count myself extremely fortunate, madam, to have employ'd your thoughts either sleeping or waking; and shou'd esteem myself particularly happy, to relieve you from any distress which accident might throw you into: for, I assure you, madam—

Ail. Why, now, Sir, you are rather more foolish than she—But, pray have done with your nonsense, both the one and other; and you, Sir, if you please, give the girl her lesson.

Har. You know, ma'am, a great man formerly said, that if he spoke to the Gods, he wou'd speak Spanish; to men, French; but to women, Italian, as the properest language for love.

Ail. A strange round-a-bout way of beginning.

Har. If he was to speak to his horse, indeed, he said he wou'd speak in High Dutch; as for example, *Das dick der donder schalq.*

Ail. So, you won't have done fooling.

Har. Pray, Sir, give me leave; every master has his method—No doubt, madam, you have been inform'd, that the adjective must agree with the substantive, as thus—*Nanetta bella*, beautiful Nancy, [*softly to her*] that is you my charmer—*Amante fidele*, Faithful lover [*softly to her*] That's me my charmer, who doat upon you more than life. [*Ail wou'd coming close to listen, Hargrave raises his voice.*] Now these, ma'am, must agree in gender, number, and case.

Ail.

Ail. Ay, that's right enough; I remember that when I was learning grammar myself.

Har. Come, madam, we'll take a verb active, and begin if you please, with Amo, to love—Have you any objection to that?

Nan. By no means, Sir.

Har. Then pray give a little attention, and conjugate after me, that you may catch the accent—Io amo, I love.

Nan. Io amo, I love.

Har. O fy! that's not a proper tone.—You'll pardon me for reprimanding miss before you.—you must pronounce the words with more tenderness, ma'am: take notice of me—Io amo, I love.

Nan. (*Very tenderly*) Io amo, I love.

Ail. I won't have her pronounce it any more; I don't know what words you'll have the impudence to teach her presently.

S C E N E V.

AILWOU'D, HARGRAVE, NANCY, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Sir.

Ail. What now?

Pru. Might I speak with you, Sir?

Ail. Speak with me!

Pru. If it won't disturb you, Sir.

Ail. A curse light on you, what is it you want?

Pru. To tell you something, Sir, if you won't fly in a passion.

Ail. Well, tell it.

Pru. Lord, Sir, one does not know how to take you, you really frighten me out of my wits.

Ail.

Ail. She won't speak now.

Pru. Yes, Sir, I—will speak (*altering her tone*) there's doctor Last below as fine as a mounta-bank.

Ail. Daughter go into your chamber; and I must beg of you, Sir, to take your leave; and ~~say~~ let your friend know, that neither he, nor his substitue, need continue their visits for the future.

Har. [*Aside*] Well, my good old gentleman, you shall hear from me again sooner than you imagine; for, since the way has been pointed out to me, I will make a bold push to drive this quack out of the house.

S C E N E VI.

AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE, and DOCTOR LAST,
drest in a tawdry manner, follow'd by a black boy.

D. Last. An impudent rascal has thrown a dead cat into my chariot, and hit me such a douse on the nose, besides splashing me!—

Ail. Doctor Last—

D. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd—Sir, I pay you my compliments—Pompey bring the carriage for me at six o'clock—and, d'ye hear, call at Coven-Garden market for the yerbs, and put them into the boot.

Ail. Upon my word! (*admiring Last*) Lord, Lord, what an advantage drest is!

Dr. Last. To tell you the truth, I got this suit of cloaths a bargain: they belong'd to a gentleman as died under my hands.

F

Ail.

Ail. Prudence, go and desire your young mistress to come hither.

Pru. Dr. Last—Sir, your most obedient.

Ail. You impudent, saucy—

S C E N E VII.

AILWOU'D and LAST.

D. Last. Never mind her; Lord, she meant no harm—I'm too good natur'd to take notice of every trifle—I'm one of the best natur'd little fellows, I believe, that ever was born—Why I'm like a dog in my own house; I never troubles myself about nothing; all I desire is to see things handsome, and they give me whatever they please.

Ail. Well, I think my daughter will, in that respect, match you to a tittle, for she's as good natur'd a girl as lives.

D. Last. I'll tell you a thing you'll be glad to hear—I believe I shall come out with a new medicine in a day or two.

Ail. I'll take it—What is it?

D. Last. Essence of cucumber.

Ail. Of cucumber!

D. Last. Ay, for the heartburn.

Ail. I'm very often troubl'd with that disorder; but will it be good for nothing else?

D. Last. Yes, it will be good for the cramp.

Ail. I've had an odd pain in the ball of my foot all day, I don't know what it may turn to.

D. Last. I wish miss Nancy wou'd come, for I think we shou'd prove agreeable, and we'd fix things

things directly ; I'll settle whatever you please upon her, for I've neither chick nor child but my old mother.

Ail. Here she is.

S C E N E VIII.

AILWOU'D, LAST, NANCY, PRUDENCE.

Ail. Nancy, this is Dr. Last.

D. Last. No offence miss, I hope (*goes up and kisses her*) I thinks, Mr. Ailwou'd, she's very much like you, only she wants a scrap of colour, but I'll give her a bottle of stuff when we're married, that in three doses will make her cheeks as red as a rose.

Ail. Why don't you speak to the Dr. Nancy?

Nan. I don't know what to say, Sir.

D. Last. Let her alone, let her alone ; we'll talk fast enough when we're better acquainted—I fancy, Mr. Ailwou'd, we shall have very fine children ; I had three as beautiful babes, by my last spouse, as ever a woman brought into the world.

Ail. I hope they're dead doctor.

D. Last. Yes, yes, I told you so a bit a gone. Sweet pretty little angels, they all lies in Pancridge church-yard, with their poor dear mammy.

Ail. In Pancras church-yard!

D. Last. Yes, there's tomb-stones over every one of them.

Ail. Tomb-stones!

D. Last. Ay.

Ail. Is there tho'?

D. Last. Yes ; what's the matter with you?

Ail. Heigh ho.

D. Last. Have you got the cholic?

Ail. No.

Nan. Has any sudden illness seiz'd you, Sir?

Ail. No, only low spirits. I think, some-how, I shall be buried in Pancras church-yard myself.

Pru. Lord, Sir, how can you take such things into your head?

Ail. I wish there had been no talk about tombstones

Pru. Here's my lady.

S C E N E IX.

Dr. LAST, Mrs. AILWOU'D, AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE, NANCY.

Ail. Mrs. Ailwou'd, this is Dr. Last.

Mrs. Ail. I have seen the doctor before, my dear; but what's the matter with you, eh?

D. Last. Nothing, madam, nothing; he has only got a little fit of the horrors; let him alone, he'll come to himself again by and bye.

Mrs. Ail. I hope, daughter-in-law, you are sensible of the goodness of this gentleman, in taking you without a portion.

D. Last. Yes, yes, and I hope my parson proves agreeable to her. Have you seen my picture, miss, that's in the expedition room at Spring Gardens?—every one says it's monstrous like me. Take her to see it, do, it will cost but a shilling; you'll easily know it; it's o'the same side with the image there—Venus the methodist, I thinks, they calls it.

Ail.

Ail. Well, but, doctor, give me leave to ask you, and don't be offended at my being a little particular, on account of my girl; I know you have realiz'd something considerable; but, how have you laid out your money? Have you ever a serap of land?

D. Last. Why, as far as this here, there's my place by Hounslow, I bought it out and out, the whole concern costis me upwards of fifteen hundred pounds, with my pond and my pigeon house, and—

Pru. Have you any fish in your pond, doctor?

D. Last. No, my dear, it's not deep enough; besides, it's in the road, and I'm afraid they'd be stole; but, I have pigs, and pigeons, and next summer I shall make a new reproach to my house, with a fistula that will give us a view of all the gibbets upon the heath; then there's a large running ditch that I'll make into a turpentine river.

Ail. Come, Nancy, let me have the satisfaction of seeing you give your hand to Dr. Last.

Nan. Sir—

Ail. Nay, nay, no coying.

Nan. Dear Sir, let me beg of you not to be so precipitate, but allow the gentleman and me sufficient time to know one another, and try if our inclinations are mutual.

D. Last. My inclinations are mutual, Miss, and not to be chang'd; for the fire of love, as I may say, is shot from your beautiful eyes into my heart; and, I cou'd say more—if it was not out of respect to the company.

Mrs. Ail. Perhaps, my dear, Miss Nancy has fix'd her inclinations somewhere else, and, like a dutiful daughter, made a choice for herself.

Nan.

Nan. If I had, madam, it wou'd be such a one as neither reason or honour wou'd make me aſham'd of.

Mrs. Ail. But, if I was in your papa's place, Miſs, I wou'd make you take the perſon I thought proper for your huſband, or I know what I'd do.

Nan. O, ma'am, nobody doubts your affection; but, perhaps, you may be baulk'd in the favour you deſign me.

Ail. Well, but, ſtay; methinks, I make but a whimſical ſort of a figure between you both.

Nan. The duty of a daughter, madam, is not unlimited; and there are certain caſes to which neither law nor reaſon can make it extend.

Mrs. Ail. That is to ſay, you are very willing to be married, but you are not willing your father ſhou'd have any hand in the matter.

Ail. Dr. Laſt, I beg your pardon for all this.

D. Laſt. Let them go on, I like to hear them.

Mrs. Ail. Your inſolence is inſufferable child.

Nan. I am very ſenſible, madam, you wou'd be glad to provoke me to make you ſome impertinent answer; but, I tell you before hand, I ſhall be careful not to give you that advantage over me.

Mrs. Ail. You don't know, my dear, that you are very filly.

Nan. 'Tis labour loſt, madam; I ſhall make no answer.

Mrs. Ail. You have a ridiculous pride about you, a vain ſelf-ſufficiency, which makes you ſhocking to every body.

Nan. I tell you, madam, once more, it won't do; I will preſerve my temper in ſpite of you; and, to deprive you of all hopes of ſucceeding
againſt

against me, I'll take myself out of your sight immediately.

Ail. Heark'e, Nancy, no more words; resolve to marry this gentleman within three days, or I'll turn you out to starve in the streets.

S C E N E X.

Mrs. AILWOU'D, AILWOU'D, Dr. LAST.

Mrs. Ail. A little impudent saucy minx.

D. Last. She has a purdigious deal of tongue for such a young crater.

Ail. My lamb, don't make yourself uneasy about the baggage; I'll bring her to her senses, I'll warrant you.

Mrs. Ail. Indeed, my dear, you don't know how I'm shock'd at her behaviour.

Ail. Are you shock'd, love?

Mrs. Ail. Yes, that I am to the soul: I thought she wanted to insinuate that I did not love you, my dear; and any thing of that kind is worse to me than ten thousand daggers.

Ail. She's going to faint.

D. Last. Let me feel her pulse.

Ail. A glass of water here.

D. Last. No, no, give her a glass of cherry brandy; I'm no friend to drenching Christians bowels with water, as if they were the tripes of a brute beast.

Mrs. Ail. Mr. Ailwou'd, permit me to go into my own room a little, to recover myself.

Ail. Do so, my love.

D. Last. And, do you hear, madam, take a dram as I bids you, a little rum and sugar, if
you

you have any in the house ; that's what I generally swallows, and I always finds the good effects of it.

S C E N E XI.

AILWOU'D, *Dr. LAST*, PRUDENCE.

Ail. How now ?

Pru. Sir, a gentleman, that says he comes from your brother, Mr. Friendly, desires to see you.

Ail. Who is he ? What wou'd he have ?

Pru. I don't know—He cuts a droll figure—Here he is, Sir.

Ail. Get out of the room.

S C E N E XII.

AILWOU'D, *Dr. LAST*, WAG, *in disguise*.

Wag. Sir, I'm your most obedient.

Ail. Your servant, Sir.

Wag. By what I perceive, Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you—My name is Scower, Sir ; and I come recommended by your brother, Mr. Friendly, and study the practice of physick.

Ail. Sir, your servant.

Wag. I observe you look very earnestly at me, Sir ; what age do you think I am of ?

D. Last. Hold, let me tell him ;—What age are you of—You are about four and twenty, or thereaways.

Wag.

Wag. By the Lord, I'm above fourscore.

D. Last. That's a damn'd lie, I'm sure.

Ail. Hold doctor, perhaps he has liv'd all his life upon tincture of sage.

Wag. Sage! a fiddle! I have secrets myself that will keep me alive these hundred years.

D. Last. I suspect this is the soldier that lives in the Old Bailey. You'll see how I'll make him expose himself. You say you're a doctor; who made you so?

Wag. Sir, I am a travelling doctor, and, at present, have the honour of being physician in ordinary to one emperor, four kings, three electors, and I don't know how many prince palantines, margraves, bishops, and vulgar highnesses; passing from town to town, from kingdom to kingdom, to find out patients worthy of my practice, and fit to exercise the great and noble secrets of my art. I scorn to amuse myself with the little fry of common distempers, the trifles of rheumatisms, scurvies, and megrims; give me your diseases of importance, good purple fevers, good pleurifies, with inflammations of the lungs: these are what please me; these are what I triumph over.

D. Last. Ax him, can he bleed and draw teeth?—I dare to say, he knows nothing of chirurgery.

Wag. Have you never heard of my black powder that is taken like snuff, and purges by the smell, provided that, at the same time, you swallow three large glasses of laxative tisan?

D. Last. Then, its the tisan that does it! Mark that. O! he's quite a cheat.

Wag. Let me feel your pulse.—Come, beat as you should do.—*(Feeling his pulse in a ridiculous manner; at the same time humming a tune.)*

Ail. Why, Sir, one wou'd think you were playing upon the spinnet.

Wag. Even so, Sir; for I do not, like other physicians, with a watch in my hand, determine the state of the pulse by that fallible measurer of time.

Ail. How then?

Wag. By a tune, which, I believe, you will allow to be a discovery new, and entirely my own: if the pulse moves in concert with the minuet in Ariadne, I am sure that the patient is well.—Let me see, Sir—Tol, lol, de-rol—There we dropp'd a crotchet, tol, lol, de-rol—there we mounted a minum, tol, lol, lol—and there a semi-demi quaver is missing.

Ail. A semi-demi quaver!

Wag. Stay!—Let me consider—two bars and a half—Who is your physician?

Ail. Dr. Last.

Wag. What! that little fellow?

D. Last. Little fellow! What do you mean by that?

Ail. Nay, gentlemen—

Wag. Come, come, let us mind our business. What does he say is the matter with you?

Ail. Why, Sir, he tells me I've got the jaundice.

Wag. He's an ass.

D. Last. Am I so!

Wag. Mr. Ailwou'd look in my face. (*Touching him here and there with his finger.*) How do you find yourself?

Ail. Why, I don't know; I find myself some way odd.

Wag. Just as I suspected: you have got the dropsy.

Ail. Eh! the dropsy!

Wag.

Wag. Why, don't you see what a swell'd belly you have, and your eyes starting out of your head?

Ail. Really, doctor, I always thought you had mistaken my disorder.

D. Last. He has no dropfy—he has not a sup of water in him. Let him be tapp'd to try; I'll stand to his tapping.

Wag. You are an ignoramus—Let us hear a little what are your complaints?

Ail. I have every now and then a pain in my head.

Wag. Dropfy.

Ail. Sometimes a mist before my eyes.

Wag. Dropfy.

Ail. Sometimes a violent palpitation at my heart.

Wag. Dropfy.

Ail. At other times, I am taken with a violent pain in my belly, as if it was the cholic.

Wag. Dropfy again.—You have a good appetite to what you eat.

Ail. Yes, Sir.

Wag. Dropfy.—You love to drink a glass of wine.

Ail. Yes.

Wag. That's the dropfy—You take a comfortable nap after dinner?

Ail. True, Sir.

Wag. Dropfy! dropfy! dropfy!—All dropfy.

D. Last. Well, if it be, can you cure him?

Wag. A quack like you would say, ay; but I sincerely tell the gentleman at once, he's a dead man.

Ail. Then, the Lord have mercy on me!

Wag. That is, I mean he wou'd be dead in twenty-four hours, if I was not to help him; but I have the only remedy in the world for it.

D. Last. Don't believe him; he's a cheat.

Ail. Give it to me, I'll take it, let it be what it will.

Wag. Then, observe, I don't desire a brass farthing without you're cur'd.

Ail. Look you there, doctor.

D. Last. Well, don't I do the same?

Wag. But, if you are cur'd, you must give me a hundred guineas.

Ail. You shall have the money.

D. Last. Its too much; I'll do it for five.

Wag. I have been at a great deal of pains and trouble, and made many experiments, in order to find a radical cure for this disease, that should be at once safe, cheap, and easy: my first invention was a pump; by means of which, fix'd in the belly of the patient, I meant to pump out the dropical humour, as you wou'd water out of the hold of a ship; threescore and eleven people died under the operation.

Ail. Well; what is the loss of a few individuals, for the general good of mankind? You brought it to perfection at last?

Wag. No; at last, I found it was impracticable; yet, I wou'd have gone on in hopes, but people grew chicken-hearted, and wou'd not let me try.

D. Last. So they well might—You shou'd not pump me in that manner for five thousand pound.

Wag. Well, Sir, my next experiment was call'd the soaking operation; which was contriv'd thus: I made the patient swallow a piece of sponge, fasten'd to a string, which going down his throat into his stomach, I let lye there, till it had absorb'd or soak'd up the watery humours;

mours ; and then, drew it up again, with all its contents ; repeating the operation, till I had left the body as dry as an empty decanter.

Ail. Well, Sir, and what success?

Wag. Why, I had a great deal better success with this than the former ; for, I think, it kill'd but four and twenty.

D. Last. Well, take my advice, Mr. Ailwou'd neither be pump'd nor soak'd.

Wag. The gentleman has nothing to fear ; what I shall make use of upon this occasion is, my great dryer, or essence infernalis.—You see this little phial.

D. Last. Let me see it—and I'll make bold to taste it too.—Don't touch it, Mr. Ailwou'd ; don't touch it ; its corroding supplement, and will throw you into a salvation.

Wag. Not a grain of mercury in it, upon my honour ; nothing but simples !

Ail. Pray give the phial to me ; I think I can distinguish ; for I have taken a great many of these things.—I vow to man, it tastes to me like strong beer or porter !

Wag. (*Aside.*) By the Lord, he has guess'd it.—Observe me, Sir, it is a tincture drawn from rat's-bane, arsenic, laudanum, verdigrease, copperas, with a convenient mixture of the juice of hemlock. You see, Sir, I despise quackery ; I tell you fairly what my medicines are.

D. Last. Medicines, do you call 'em ?

Wag. Give it cat, dog, mouse, rat ; or, in short, any creature, bypede or quadrupede, of the brute creation, they are immediately thrown into the most intolerable torments, swell like a tun, and burst before your eyes.

Ail. A fine medicine, indeed !

Wag.

Wag. Well, I will let you take the contents of this whole bottle ; and, if it does you any more harm than so much new-milk, I'll give you leave to knock me down.

Ail. Knock you down !

Wag. Nay, more ; if you had infirmities from head to foot, the first dose will cure you of every one of them.

Ail. Yes, indeed, I believe it wou'd.

Wag. Tell me, Mr. Ailwou'd, what do you do with this arm ?

Ail. My arm !

Wag. Take my advice, cut off this arm immediately.

Ail. The deuce ! Cut off my arm !

Wag. It is the new method of practice that I mean to introduce. Don't we prune trees of their branches, to make them more healthy ? And, don't you see that this arm draws all the nourishment to itself, and hinders the other from thriving ?

Ail. Ay, but I have occasion for my arm.

Wag. Here's an eye too, which I would have instantly pluck'd out, were I in your place.

Ail. Pluck out my eye !

Wag. Don't you see it injures the other, and occasions these mists you complain'd of but now. Be guided by me, and have it taken away directly ; you'll see the better with your left.

D. Last. I tell you, Mr. Ailwou'd, this is some cheat.

Ail. I begin to suspect so.—Hark'e, firrah, who sent you here ? Are you come to murder me ?

Wag. Oh ! Sir, if you're in a passion, your servant.

D. Last.

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D. Last. Ay, but you shan't get off so.—
Stop thief!

Wag. Nay, then, I must take to my heels.
(*Throws his wig at Last, and runs off.*)

Ail. Did you ever see such an impudent scoundrel?

D. Last. Do you keep the wig, we can swear to the wig, while I follow, and find out who he is—I'm almost sure he's the soldier in the Old Bailey, for he has a spite against me, and employs old women to tear down my advertisements.

S C E N E XIII.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, PRUDENCE.

Ail. Ah!—I'm quite overcome, I can't support myself any longer.

Pru. Your brother, Mr. Friendly, Sir.

Friend. How now! What's the matter?

Ail. O! Mr. Friendly, your servant—but I wonder you are not ashamed to see my face: did you think my sickly habit wou'd not put me out of the world soon enough, but you must join with wretches to drive me hence?

Friend. I don't understand you.

Ail. How could you send me that wicked monster, who, under the name of a doctor, wanted to give me poison; to cut off my arms, thrust out my eyes, and so make me blind and lame?

Friend. I never sent you any physician.

Ail. No:—he pretended he came by your commendation.

Friend.

Friend. He's some impostor—and, indeed, my dear brother, you lay yourself too open to the practice of such fellows, who are acquainted with your weakness, and take advantage of it.

Ail. My weakness is great, indeed, as you may see.

Friend. How do you find yourself to-day then?

Ail. Extremely ill, indeed.

Friend. How, extremely!

Ail. In a condition so faint and feeble, that I am not able to stir.

Friend. Indeed!

Ail. I have scarce strength enough to speak to you.

Friend. I'm heartily sorry for it, brother, because I came to talk to you upon a matter of consequence; no less than to propose a match for my niece.

Ail. (*Rising in a violent passion.*) Brother, don't talk to me of that hussy; she's an impudent ungrateful jade; I detest, I renounce her, and will own no body for my friend that speaks a word in her favour.

Friend. However, brother, I'm glad to find that your strength returns a little, and that you have still got spirits enough to exert yourself: my visit has done you so much good, at least; and, to do you still more, I insist upon your coming with me into the garden immediately.

Ail. Into the garden!

Friend. Ay; a walk there will do you good.

Ail. I have not been in the open air these two months.

Friend. So much the worse for you.

Pru.

Pru. So it is, Mr. Friendly. Do, Sir, be prevailed on by your brother.

Ail. I know I shall catch my death of cold.

Friend. I warrant you.

Ail. Well, come then. Prudence, give me my furr'd gown.

Friend. What! to go into the garden in the middle of July?

Ail. Ay, ay, I'll take care of myself, in spite of you all.

Pru. Get him out at any rate.—Here's your gown, Sir.

Ail. So—Let me wrap it close about me—Where are my flannel gloves?

Pru. Here, Sir.

Ail. Now, pull down my night-cap, and put on my hat.

Friend. Why, brother, you're wrapt up like a Russian courier, for a winter-journey into Siberia.

Ail. You may say what you please.—Here, Prudence, tie a handkerchief about my neck.

Friend. Is that necessary too?

Ail. Come, now, brother, I'll go with you, tho' I'm sure it will be the death of me. (*Going off.*)

Pru. Well; but, Sir—

Ail. What's the matter?

Pru. You forget, Sir, that you can't walk without your cane.

Ail. That's true; give it me.

End of the Second Act.

H

SCENE

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in AILWOU'D'S House, with a Door in the Back Scene.

AILWOU'D, *Mrs.* AILWOU'D.

Ail. **W**HERE art thou going abroad my life?

Mrs. Ail. To the Temple, my dear; to Mr. Juggle, the lawyer, to desire him to come here and make your will, since you will have it so.

Ail. That's right, lamb, that's right—

Mrs. Ail. But an accident has happen'd, dearest, which I thought it my duty to inform you of before I went.—As I pass'd by your daughter Nancy's chamber, I saw a young fellow there, in earnest conference with her.

Ail. How! with my daughter!

Mrs. Ail. Yes, and I'm sure I saw the same young fellow, a little before, talking with your brother in the parlour.

Ail. And cou'd you overhear what she and the young fellow were saying together?

Mr. Ail. No, sweetest; but your little daughter Polly was with them.

Ail. The child!

Mrs. Ail. Aye, the child, my dear—forward enough, of her age, I assure you; she knows as much at five, as I did at fifteen—But I dare swear you may get every thing out of her.

Ail.

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Ail. Go, pr'ythee, and send the little slut to me this instant.

Mrs. Ail. My dear, I will—Polly! your papa wants you.

Ail. Bye, Biddy——

S C E N E II.

A I L W O U ' D , P O L L Y .

Pol. Do you want me, papa?—My mamma says you want me.

Ail. Yes, huffey; come here;—nearer.—What do you turn away for?—Look me in the face.

Pol. Well, papa.

Ail. So——

Pol. What, papa?

Ail. Have you nothing to tell me?

Pol. What shou'd I tell you?

Ail. You know well enough, huffey.

Pol. Not I, indeed, and upon my word.

Ail. Is this the way you do what you're bid?

Pol. What?

Ail. Did not I order you to come and tell me immediately whatever you saw?

Pol. Yes, papa.

Ail. And have you done so?

Pol. Yes; I'm come to tell you every thing I've seen.

Ail. Very well.—What have you seen to-day?

Pol. I saw my Lord Mayor go by in his coach.

Ail. And nothing else?

Pol. No; indeed, indeed.

Ail. I shall make you alter your tone a little, I fancy, if I fetch a rod.

Pol. Oh! dear papa.

Ail. You baggage, you, why don't you tell me, you saw a man in your sister's chamber?

Pol. Why, my sister bid me not, papa; but I'll tell you every thing.

Ail. Take care then, for I've a way of knowing all; and if you tell me a lie—

Pol. But pray, papa, don't you go and tell my sister that I told you.

Ail. Never fear.

Pol. Well then, papa, there came a man into my sister's chamber as I was there; I ask'd him what he wanted, and he told me he was her Italian master.

Ail. Oh! the matter's out then?

Pol. My sister came in afterwards.

Ail. Well, and what did your sister say?

Pol. Why, first the man kiss'd her.

Ail. Did he so?

Pol. Yes, two or three times, but she was not willing; and then she said to him, Go away; go away;—and she said, she was frighten'd out of her wits—and she said, she was afraid you wou'd come and catch her.

Ail. Well, and what then?

Pol. Why, he wou'dn't go away.

Ail. And—What did he say to her?

Pol. Say?—He said, I don't know how many things to her.

Ail. Ay; but what?

Pol. Why, he said this and that, and t'other;—he said, he lov'd her mightily, and that she was the prettiest creature in the world.

Ail. Well; and after that?

Pol.

Pol. Why, after that, he took her by the hand.

Ail. And after that?

Pol. After that, he kifs'd her again.

Ail. And after that?

Pol. After that.—Stay ;—O! after that, my mamma came, and he ran away.

Ail. And you saw no more?

Pol. No; indeed, and indeed, papa.

Ail. There's something, however, whispers in my ear that you have not told me all.—This little finger—

Pol. O that little finger's a story-teller.

Ail. Have a care.

Pol. Don't believe it, papa, it fibs indeed.

Ail. Well, get you gone then, and remember what I have said to you.

Pol. Yes, papa, yes, I'll remember.—I'm glad he didn't whip me; I was afraid he would have whip'd me.

S C E N E III.

FRIENDLY, AILWOU'D.

Friend. Come, now, brother, I must insist upon it, that you will not put yourself in a passion; but sit down here, and let me resume the conversation which we just now broke off,

Ail. Well, come, let it be so.

Friend. You are to be cool now, remember.

Ail. Ay, ay, I'll be cool.

Friend. And to answer me without prevarication.

Ail. Good Lord; yes, here's a terrible pre-
amble sure.

Friend.

Friend. How comes it then, brother, give me leave to ask you once more, that, being in the circumstances you are, and having no other children but two daughters, you can entertain the strange design of marrying your eldest in the manner you are going to dispose of her?

Ail. Pray, brother, how comes it that I am master of my own family, and dispose of my children as I like?

Friend. Your wife, no doubt, is glad to get rid of her at any rate.

Ail. Oh! ay, now it comes—and the poor wife is to be dragg'd in; 'tis she does all the mischief, to be sure, and all the world will have it so.

Friend. No, no, brother, we'll leave her out of the question; she's a good woman, that has the best intentions in the world for your family, is free from all manner of self-interest, has a marvellous tenderness for you, and shews an inconceivable affection to your children, that's certain.—We'll say no more, therefore, of her, but return to your daughter; but, pray, let me ask you with what view wou'd you marry her to this Dr. Last?

Ail. With a view of having so skillful a physician as Dr. Last related to me.

Friend. Heav'ns! Brother, how can you talk so?—Skillful!—I never saw the man; but I'm told, that, of all the quacks in town, numerous as they are, he is the most ignorant, as well as the most impudent: but, it is really shocking to humanity, to consider to what a head these dangerous cheats are arriv'd in this great city; and, it is not less amazing, that people shou'd confide their health, their most valuable possession,

sion, to wretches they wou'd not trust with any thing else : in short, I know no way of putting a stop to their progress, but by an unlimited act against the vending of poisons, which, I think, would very fairly comprehend them.

Ail. Ha!—You have made a very fine speech now.—Do you think, if the cures they perform were not wonderful, people wou'd take their medicines so kindly?—What has essence of water-dock done for the scurvy?—What balsam of honey, in colds and consumptions?—The stomach pills for cholicky complaints?—Then, you senseless idiot you, d'ye think his majesty wou'd give his royal letters patent for pills, essences, electuaries, cordials, tinctures, quintessences, to poison his subjects?—But, to strike you dumb at once, is not that blessed medicine baume de vie, in itself, a remedy for all disorders under heaven?

Friend. All.

Ail. Look at the list of cures—then the reasoning's good—All disorders spring from the stomach—Baume de vie is a sovereign remedy for the stomach—and therefore cures all disorders.

Friend. If so, why don't you take it, and get rid of yours?

Ail. Why! why!—There's no general rule without an exception.

Friend. Come, come, brother, the truth of it is, there's nothing the matter with you at all; and I desire no better proof of the excellency of your constitution than, that all the stops you have been taking these ten years have not burst, or otherwise destroy'd you.

Ail.

Ail. Here's Dr. Last : he is so good as to come on purpose, to administer his medicine to me himself. Pray now, brother, behave yourself properly.

S C E N E IV.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, and Dr. LAST, with a Vial in one Hand, and a Glass of Water in the other.

D. Last. Come, Mr. Ailwou'd—

Ail. Brother, with your leave.

Friend. What are you going to do now ?

Ail. To take some of Dr. Last's cordial ; and, let me prevail upon you to take a glass too.

D. Last. Do, Sir, one dose ; it's as natural to a man's constitution as breast-milk ; and, if you will take it for a continency, once you are a little manured to it, it will work the most surprisingest difference—

Friend. Pray, Sir, what is it ?

D. Last. Sir, I wou'd not tell you if you were my father ; no, nor king George ; but I'll shew you—You see this glass of New River water—it's as transparent as rock crystal.—Now, I puts twelve drops of my cordial into it—and there—its as fine asses-milk as ever was tasted—I vow to the Lord, there's worse sold for a shilling a pint that comes from the beastis themselves.

Ail. Well ; I believe that's very true.

D. Last. I presume, by your wig, Sir, that you belong to the law ; and, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll give you something, for which you'll be oblig'd to me ; and yet, its nothing

thing but the juice of a simple yerb; but I've tried it upon several gentlemen in your way, who, from being sheep, as it were, have become as bold as lions.

Ail. Attend to this, brother, for its worth listening to.

D. Last. Then its one of the, beautifullest things upon yearth for the memory—There was a little boy, seven years of age, did not know one of his letters—His papa was angry, his mamma was uneasy—They bought him the pretty books for children, letters in sweetmeats, gingerbread, ivory, all manner of play-things to make him take to his larning, but it wou'd not do: hearing of my secret, they apply'd to me; I gave the child a dose, and, will you believe it, upon the word of an honest man—he cou'd say his criss-cross-row in a fortnight.

Ail. Now, that's very amazing! I'll make use of it myself, and begin to read immediately; for I never remember a word after the book is shut; and that's vexatious you know.

D. Last. And would you believe that this fine remedy was invented by my old mother?

Ail. Your mother!

D. Last. Why, she knows as much of physick as I do; its a gift in our family; and she has invented things to take spots out of cloaths, and iron-molds out of linen.

Ail. I long to be acquainted with her.

D. Last. Well, will you swallow this now?

Ail. Ay, come, give it to me.

Friend. You jest, sure—Can't you be a moment without some nasty slop or another: put it off to a more convenient time, and give nature a little respite.

Ail. Well then, this evening, Dr. Last, or to-morrow morning.

D. Last. Pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ax if your name aint Groggins?

Friend. No, Sir, my name's Friendly.

D. Last. Then, Sir, I desire to know, Sir, what business you have to hinder me in my occupation?—I say, the gentleman shall take it now, and I warrant it will do him good.

Friend. Pr'ythee, man, what d'ye mean?

D. Last. I means what I says.—Mr. Ailwou'd, will you take it?—If you don't take it, I'll go away directly.

Friend. Well, do go away, Sir, we desire it.

D. Last. O! with all my heart.

S C E N E V.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY.

Ail. Brother, you'll be the cause of some mischief here.

Friend. What mischief?—No, no, brother, I shall be the cause of no mischief, but a great deal of good; and, I wish I cou'd drive away all the phyfic-mongers that come after you with their cursed drugs in the same manner, you'd live the longer for it.

Ail. Some dreadful mischief will come of it, indeed—I must call him back—Dr. Last, Dr. Last.

Friend. Brother, for shame.

Ail. Don't talk to me, you want to send me to my grave—Dr. Last, pray come back.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, *Dr. LAST.*

Last. [*Fiercely to Friendly.*] Did you call me, Sir?

Friend. No, doctor, but Mr. Ailwou'd did.

D. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd, I'm not us'd politely here at all.

Ail. Indeed, Sir, it was not—

D. Last. I have given that there thing to ladies; nay, to children that have been troubled with the worms, who never made a wry face, but lick'd their lips after it, as pleasantly, as if it had been so much treacle, or sugar-candy.

Ail. It was not I—

D. Last. And when I took the trouble of coming myself—

Ail. 'Twas he—

D. Last. In my own chariot—

Ail. He was the cause—

D. Last. Without demanding nothing extraordinary for my trouble—I have a good mind not to marry your daughter—

Ail. I tell you it was all my brother, it was, upon my word and credit—But, give me the cordial; and, to make you amends, I'll take double the quantity.

Friend. Are you mad?

D. Last. No, he's not—I insist upon his taking it for the honour of my medicine—And if you don't take a glass too, you shall hear further from me.

Friend. Very well, doctor, I fear your sword less than your poison.

D. Last. O, ay, poison, poison, we shall see whether it's poison.

Ail. Give it to me, doctor.

D. Last. Here, Mr. Ailwou'd.

Ail. Pray now, brother, let me prevail upon you, in compliment to the doctor—

Friend. Nay, good brother, don't be absurd.

D. Last. Now, I'm satisfied; and, I'll call upon you again in an hour.

S C E N E VII.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, PRUDENCE.

Ail. Prudence.

Pru. Sir?

Ail. Get me my arm'd chair here—It's inconceivable what a warmth this med'cine diffuses all over my body.

Friend. Well, but brother, did not you hear Dr. Last say just now that he was in doubt whether he wou'd marry your daughter or not; and, after so slighting an expression, surely, you will not persist in your design; but, let me talk to you of this gentleman who wishes to have my niece.

Ail. No, brother, if Dr. Last won't have her I'll send her to France, and put her in a convent; I'm sure she has an amorous inclination for somebody; and, to let you know, I have discover'd secret interviews in my house, which some people don't think I've discover'd.

Friend. I dare swear, brother, my niece has no attachment but to the gentleman I have mentioned to you; in which case, you have nothing to be angry with, all tending to the honourable purpose of marriage.

Ail. I don't care for what you say, I'll send her over to France, I'm determined on it.

Friend. There's somebody you want to please, brother, by that, I doubt.

Ail. I know your meaning, Sir; you're always harping upon the same strain.—My wife is a strange hobgoblin in your eyes, brother.

Friend. Yes, brother, since 'tis necessary to be plain with you, 'tis your wife that I mean; and I can no more bear your ridiculous fondness for her, than that you have for physic; nor endure to see you run head over-head into all the snares she lays for you.

Pru. O dear Sir, don't speak so of my lady; she's a woman that nobody can say any thing against; a woman without the least grain of artifice or design, and loves my master—There's no saying how much she loves him.

Ail. Ay, only ask her how excessive fond she is of me.

Pru. Most excessive!

Ail. How much concern my illness gives her.

Pru. Yes.

Ail. And the care and pains she takes about me.

Pru. —Right.—Shall we convince you now, Mr. Friendly, and shew you directly what a surprising affection my lady has for my master?—Permit me, Sir, to undeceive him, and let him see his mistake.

Ail. As how, Prudence?

Pru. Hark! my lady is just return'd—Do you step into the next room there—stretch yourself out, and feign yourself dead: he may slip into the closet: I'll set the doors open, and you'll see what violent grief she'll be in when I tell her the news.

Ail.

Ail. Hey—hum!—I profess, I have a mind to take her advice—but, no; I can never bear to hear the shrieks and lamentations she'll make over me; and yet, 'twill be a comfort to me to hear them too, to feel her virtuous tears bedew my face, and her sweet lips kissing my cheeks a thousand times, to bring me back again to life: and her—ah, verily, I'll do it; verily, I'll do it; and then, Sir, what will become of your fine surmises?—But, Prudence, art thou not afraid that her very thinking me dead will break her heart?

Pru. To be sure, Sir, if you shou'd keep her in her fright too long.

Ail. O, let me alone for that; I'll make the experiment this very minute; this very minute.—But is there no danger in feigning one's self dead?

Pru. No, no; what danger shou'd there be? 'Tis only shutting your eyes, and stretching yourself out. [*To Friendly.*] Now, Sir, we shall shew you your error, and convince yow how much you have injur'd the best of wives. [*To Ailwou'd.*] 'Twill be pleasant enough afterwards, to see how blank he will look—Here's my lady; quick, quick, both of you away.

S C E N E VIII.

PRUDENCE, *Mrs. AILWOU'D.*

Pru. Oh! Heav'ns! Oh! fatal misfortune! what a strange accident is this!

Mrs. Ail. What's the matter, Prudence!

Pru. [*Crying.*] Ah! madam.

Mrs. Ail. What is it? What do you mean by blubbering, pr'ythee?

Pru. My master's dead, madam.

Mrs. Ail. Dead!

Pru. [*Sobbing.*] Ye-ye-yes.

Mrs. Ail. Are you sure of it?

Pru. Too sure, alas! No body yet knows any thing of this accident: there was not a soul but myself to help him; he sunk down in my arms, and went off like a child—See there, madam, he lies stretch'd out in the next room.

Mrs. Ail. Now, Heav'n be prais'd.—What a simpleton art thou to cry?

Pru. Cry, ma'am; why, I thought we were to cry?

Mrs. Ail. And for what, pray?—I know of no loss he is—Was he of any use upon earth?—A man troublesome to all the world; odious in his person; disgusting in his manners; never without some filthy medicine in his mouth, or his stomach; continually coughing, hawking, and spitting; a tiresome, peevish, disagreeable monster.

Pru. An excellent funeral sermon, truly. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Ail. Prudence, you must assist me in the execution of my design; and you may depend upon it, I will amply reward your services: since, by good fortune, no one is yet apprised of this accident besides ourselves, let us keep his death a secret a few days, till I have been able to settle my affairs on a sure foundation: there are papers and money, of which I wou'd possess myself—Nor, indeed, is it just, that all I have suffer'd with him living, shou'd not be rewarded by some advantage at his death.

Pru. To be sure, madam.

Mrs. Ail. In the mean time, I'll go and secure his keys, for I know he has a considerable sum of money in his scrutore, which he receiv'd yesterday.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, PRUDENCE, and Mrs. AILWOU'D, who, going to the Door, meets her husband, and screams.

Mrs. Ail. Ah! ah! ah!—[Screaming.]

Ail. O! devil of a help-mate, have I found you out?

Friend. Your servant, madam.

Mrs. Ail. Lord! my dear, I'm so disappointed—so pleas'd, I mean, and so frighten'd—This wicked girl told me you were dead.

Ail. Yes, and a fine oration you pronounc'd over me.

Mrs. Ail. Nay, but my dear, this is the most unreasonable thing; [Turning to Friendly.] some slight conversation that I have had with my maid here, which Mr. Ailwou'd takes in a wrong sense; but, I dare swear, when he has consider'd the matter a little, he will think differently.

Ail. Get out of my sight, get out of my sight.

Mrs. Ail. Well, but lovey, let me explain the matter to you.

Ail. I'll never hear a word from you again as long as I live.

Mrs. Ail. Nay, Sir, if you bear yourself so haughtily, you'll find me a match for you. It is not to-day, my dear I am to learn, that your brain is full of maggots; however, you shall call me more than once, before I come back to you, I assure you.

SCENE

SCENE X.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, PRUDENCE; *and then*
NANCY *and* HARGRAVE.

Ail. Did you ever hear such an impudent creature?—Od's my life, with what an air she carried it!—But do'ft think she was in earnest, Prudence?

Pru. Troth do I, Sir.

Friend. Come, brother, to tell you the plain truth, Prudence 'devis'd this method, in order to open your eyes to your wife's perfidy—She has long deceiv'd you with a shew of false tenderness; but now, you see her in her genuine colours.

Ail. I profess my eyes are dazzled, and all my senses confus'd; I know not what I either hear or see; but, in the first place, I renounce phyfic—

Pru. Lord! Sir, here's Miss Nancy and Mr. Hargrave!

Nan. Dear papa, what's the matter?

Ail. The matter, child! I don't know, child. (*Seeing Hargrave.*) What brings you here, Sir?

Friend. This, brother, is the young gentleman I propose as a match for your daughter; and after what I have said, and what has happen'd, I hope, you will no longer refuse to listen to his prentions.

Ail. Why, really, Sir, my chief objection to you, is your total ignorance of the medicinal art; if you can think of any method to remove that—

K

Har.

Har. I must own, Sir, I'm afraid I am rather too far advanc'd in life to make any progress in so deep and abstracted a study.

Ail. Why, with regard to the more capital branches, I grant you; but in the subaltern offices, I'm of a contrary opinion; suppose now you were to bind yourself apprentice for a year or two to some skilful apothecary; surely, in that time you might learn to decypher a prescription. and make up a medicine with very few blunders.

Har. D'ye think so, Sir?

Ail. You might, indeed, now and then give a dose of arsenick for salts; but that's an accident might happen to the oldest practitioner.

Friend. Ah, brother, brother, what's this I hear! It was but this moment you were determin'd to renounce physic, and here you are talking as warmly and absurdly about it as ever.

Ail. Eh!—It's very true, indeed, brother.—However, let it suffice, I give the young man my daughter without any conditions at all; and now, I'll go and get effectually rid of that other plague my wife; for I shall not be easy while we are under the same roof.

S C E N E XI.

FRIENDLY, HARGRAVE, PRUDENCE, NANCY.

Friend. If we can't cure him of his love for drugs, we have done nothing.

Nan. I doubt, Sir, that will be impossible.

Friend. Hift, here comes Dr. Last—I'll take the opportunity of your father's absence to have
some

some sport with him ; put on melancholly countenances, and take your cues from me.

Pru. I know what you'd be at, Sir, and I'll second you.

S C E N E XII.

FRIENDLY, HARGRAVE, PRUDENCE, NANCY,
Dr. LAST, and afterwards AILWOU'D.

D. Last. Mr. Ailwou'd, where are you? I have brought you some of my essence of cucumber, by way of a taste.

Friend. O, Dr. Last, you're come ; you're servant Sir, I'm glad to see you.

D. Last. Sir, I'm oblyg'd to you—Where is Mr. Ailwou'd?

Friend. Where is he, Sir?—

D. Last. Ay ; because I wants to speak to him.

Friend. He's dead, Sir.

Pru. [*Bursting ridiculously into tears.*] Oh! oh! oh!

D. Last. What's the matter, Mrs. Prudence? I warrant your master is only in a sound, and I've a bottle of stuff in my pocket that will fetch him in a whiff.

Friend. Hold, Sir, no more of your stuff.

D. Last. Well then, let me go and feel his pulse.

Friend. Nor that neither ; you shan't go near him ; but, we insist upon your telling us what you gave him out of your vial just now?

D. Last. How! tell you my secret—A book-seller offer'd me a thousand pounds for it.

Har. A bookseller offer'd you a thousand pound! That may be, Sir, but Mr. Ailwou'd

died a few minutes after you administer'd it; we, therefore, take it for granted, that it has poison'd him; and, unless you prove very clearly to the contrary, we shall consider you as his murderer, and treat you accordingly.

D. Last. O, don't think to humbug me so.

Ail. [*Enters behind.*] What are they doing here?

Nan. Dear Sir, have patience—Stop where you are a little, and let them go on.

Friend. Within there; seize this fellow.

D. Last. Liberty—I'm a free-born Briton, in my native city—If any one lays a finger upon me, I'll put him into the Crown-office.

Friend. Ay, but we'll put you in Newgate first—Carry him before a justice, I'll go and be witness.

Pru. Ay, and so will I.

D. Last. (*In a great passion.*) Well, but stay; let me go a-bit—What will you be witness of?

Pru. That you poison'd my master.

D. Last. It can't be.

Friend. We'll prove it.

D. Last. It's a fictitious report; for to let you see the difference now—what I gave him was nothing in the world but a little chalk and vinegar; and if it cou'd do him no good, it cou'd do him no harm.

Ail. And so, firrah, this is the way you take people in; your famous cordial then is, chalk and vinegar?

D. Last. What! Mr. Ailwou'd, aren't you dead?

Ail. No, firrah; but no thanks to you for that; so get you out of my house, or I'll chalk and

and vinegar you with a vengeance, you pretending, quacking, cheating—

D. Last. Don't strike me.

Ail. I'll break every bone in your skin if you don't get out of my house.

Friend, Nay, brother—

D. Last. My own chariot's below.

Ail. A cart, a wheelbarrow, for such scoundrels.

D. Last. Don't call me out of my name.

Ail. I can't, firrah.

D. Last. You did, you did, and I'll make you pay for it.

Ail. Get out of my house.

D. Last. That's all I want—He has push'd me—I call you every one to witness—I'll swear to the assault—

Friend. Take him away.

D. Last. (*As they are taking him away.*) I'll swear to the assault—and, if I don't get redemption—

S C E N E L A S T.

AILWOU'D, FRIENDLY, HARGRAVE, NANCY,
PRUDENCE, POLLY.

Polly. Papa! papa!

Ail. What's the matter, my dear?

Polly. My mamma's gone abroad, and says she'll never come home no more; so she won't.

Ail. A good riddance; a good riddance.

Polly. Lau, papa! if that isn't the man I saw just now kissing my sister.

Pru. Ah! you little tell-tale,

Polly.

Pol. Indeed, Prudence, but I'm no tell-tale, so I an't; for he kiss'd me too, and I never said a word of it.

Friend. Well, my dear, he's to be marry'd to your sister now.

Pol. Is he?—And won't you get somebody to marry me, papa? You've been promising me a husband a great while, and I'm tired of old John the butler.

Ail. Ay, my dear, I dare swear you'll lose no time—But, come, brother, let us now go in.—I have got rid of my wife; I have forsworn quacks and phyfic—and, I hope, I shall have the satisfaction to see our friends contented.

T H E E N D.

4 AP 54

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by a LITTLE GIRL of Five Years old.

LADIES and gentlemen, they've sent me out—
But I'm afraid to tell you what about ;
Because 'twere bold in me, perhaps you'll say,
To come to ask you how you like the play :
Yet that's my business ; nay, more free to make,
I'm come to beg you'd like it for my sake.

The author took me in his arms just now,
My dear, says he—he kiss'd me too I vow—
If you'll go out and make the audience clap,
I'll give you ribbons and a fine new cap :
Besides, he promis'd me, next time he comes
Behind the scenes, to bring me sugar-plumbs.
But whatsoe'er you think the play to be,
When you go home I'm sure you'll talk of me.

Says Lady Stingo to Sir Gilbert mild,
“ At Foote's, Sir Gilbert, have you seen the child ?
“ 'Tis really a *curiosity* to view her :
“ Our little Betsy is a mountain to her !
“ Such action, such a tongue—and yet I query
“ If she be five years old—a very fairy !”
Sir Gilbert answers, with a pevish nod,
“ Pshaw ! let the little hussy have a rod.
“ There are old folks enough to play the fool :
“ Children, my lady, shou'd be sent to school.”
And so they should, the naughty ones, no doubt,
Who'll neither books nor needle learn without :
But I am come of no such idle breed ;
At four years old, I could both write and read ;
To be at work my fingers still are itching—
These flowers here are all of my own stitching.

[Taking up and shewing her frock.

E P I L O G U E

But, is my prate disliked, for after all,
I am but young, 'tis true, and somewhat small;
And taller ladies, I must needs confess,
Might speak an epilogue with more address.
However, some few things I have to plead:
First, 'pon my word and credit, I'm a maid.
Will that pass here for merit?—I don't know—
I'm a new face—which generally does so.
And if you want me louder, taller, bolder,
Have patience—I shall mend, as I grow older.

4 AP 54

